

THE
FEMALE REIGN:
AN
ODE,

Alluding to *Horace*, B. 4. Od. 14.

Quæ Cura Patrum, quæve Quiritium, &c.

Attempted in the Style of *Pindar*.

Occasion'd by the wonderful Successes of the
Arms of Her MAJESTY and Her Allies.

With a Letter to a Gentleman in the University.

By *Samuel Cobb*, M. A.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *J. Woodward*, in *St Christopher's
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AN

OLD

Alumni to Honor B. J. O. 14

The Great Britain and Ireland

Antiquities of the

Orations of the

With a

By James

LONDON

Printed for J. Woodman in the
Church-Yard in Fleet-Street
Albion

A LETTER to a Gentleman in the University.

S I R,

THIS comes to Congratulate You on the agreeable News of some late extraordinary Successes, which have bless'd the Arms of Her Majesty, and Her Allies. I leave you to the Printed Papers for a particular Account of those Actions, which have surpriz'd the World; and, we hope, given the last Stroke to the languishing Power of the Common Enemy of Europe. They will furnish noble Topics for the Wits of an University, like yours, who can embellish (if that can be done) the Glories of a Female Reign with a juster Sublimity of Verse, than what you will find in the following Performance, which was written several Months ago, and not run over with a hasty Negligence. The Ode, from whence I take my Hint, is accounted by some Critics not inferior to the 4th of the same Book, which begins thus,

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.

And was written in Complement to Augustus, on occasion of a famous Victory gain'd by Tiberius, as this, which I have aim'd to imitate, was written on the Praise of Claudius Nero. I need not inform Men of your Reading and Letters what occasion'd both. The Poet, as he does in almost all his Odes, has shewn a peculiar Artfulness and Elegance, and turns all the Panegyric on the Emperor, (who was not in the Action,) with *Te concilium, & tuos Præsentē Divos.* If You ask wherein I have trod in the Steps of Horace, You will find it in the Beginning. I have only kept him in view, and used him only where he was serviceable to my Design. He took the same liberty with

To a Gentleman in the University.

Alcæus, as appears from some Fragments of that Greek Lyric, quoted by Athenæus. In my Digressions and Transitions I have taken care to play always in sight, and make every one of them contribute to my main Design. This was the Way of Pindar, to read whom, according to Rapin, will give a truer Idea of the Ode, than all the Rules and Reflexions of the best Critics. I will not pretend to have div'd into him over Head and Ears, but I have endeavour'd to have made my self not the greatest Stranger to his Manner of Writing; which generally consists in the Dignity of the Sentiments, and an elegant Variety, which makes the Reader rise up with greater Satisfaction than he sat down. And that which affects the Mind in Compositions of any sort, will never be disagreeable to a Gentleman of Ingenuity and Judgment. I have avoided Turns, as thinking that they debase the Loftiness of the Ode. You will easily perceive whether I have reach'd that acer Spiritus & Vis, recommended by Horace, as the Genius of Poetry. Whether you will call the following Lines a Pindaric Ode, or Irregular Stanza's, gives me no Disturbance: For however the seeming Wildness of this sort of Verse ought to be restrain'd, the Strophe, Antistrophe, &c. will never bear in English, and it would shew a strange Debauchery in our Taste, if it should, as may be witnessed by the servile Imitation of the Dactyles and Spondees used by Sir P. Sidney. But to make an end of this tedious Epistle; you will see thro' the Whole, that Her MAJESTY is the Chief Heroine of the Ode; and the Moral, at the End shews the solid Glories of a Reign which is not founded on a pretended Justice, or Criminal Magnanimity.

Yours, &c.

S. C.

(5)

The Female Reign.

A N

O D E.

I.

WH A T can the *British Senate* give
To make the Name of *ANNA* live ?
By Future People to be sung,
The Labour of each grateful Tongue.
Can faithful Registers or Rhyme

In charming Eloquence, or sprightly Wit,

The *Wonders of Her Reign* transmit

To th' unborn Children of succeeding Time ?

Can *Painter's Oil*, or *Statuary's Art*

Eternity to Her impart ?

No ---- Titled Statues are but empty things

Inscrib'd to *Royal Vanity*,

The Sacrifice of Flattery

To Lawless *Nero's*, or *Bourbonian Kings*.

True Virtue to Her kindred Stars aspires,

Does all our Pomp of Stone and Verse surpass,

And mingling with *Ætherial Fires*,

No useless Ornament requires

From *Speaking Colours*, or from *Breathing Brasses*.

II.

GREATEST OF PRINCES! where the wand'ring Sun
Does o'er Earth's habitable Regions rowl,

B

From

The Female Reign.

From th' *Eastern Barriers* to the *Western Goal*,
 And sees Thy Race of Glory run
 With Swiftneſs equal to his Own :
 Thee on the Banks of *Flandrian Scaldis* ſings
 The jocund Swain, releas'd from *Gallic Fear* ;
 The *Engliſh Voice* unus'd to hear,
 Thee the repeating Banks, Thee every Valley rings.
 The *Gaul*, untaught to bear the Flames
 Of thoſe who drink the *Maefe* or *Thames*,
 From the *Britannick* Valour flies,
 No longer able to withſtand
 The Thunderbolt launch'd by a *Female Hand*,
 Or Lightning darted from Her Eyes.

III.

What Treble Ruin Pious *ANNA* brings
 On False *Electors*, Perjur'd Kings,
 Let the twice Fugitive *Bavarian* tell,
 Who from His *Airy Hope* of better State
 By Luſt of Sway, irregularly Great,
 Like an *Apoſtate Angel*, fell.
 Who, by *Imperial* Favour rais'd,
 Ith' higheſt Rank of Glory blaz'd ;
 And had till now, unrival'd, ſhone
 More than a King, contented with His Own.
 But *Lucifer's* bold Steps he trod,
 Who durſt Affault the Throne of *God*,
 And for contended Realms of bliſſful Light,
 Gain'd the ſad Privilege to be
 The *Fiſt* in Solid Miſery,
 Monarch of Hell, and Woes, and Endleſs Night.
 Corruption of the Beſt is Worſt,
 And foul Ambition, like an Evil Wind
 Blights

The Female Reign.

7

Blights the fair Blossoms of a Noble Mind,
And if a SERAPH fall, He's doubly Curs'd.

IV.

Had *Guile* and *Pride*, and *Envy* grown
In the black Groves of *Styx* alone,
Nor ever had on Earth the baleful Crop been sown :
The Swain, without *Amaze*, had Till'd
The *Flandrian* Glebe, a guiltless Field :
Nor had He wond'red, when He found
The Bones of Heroes in the Ground.
No Crimson Streams had lately swell'd
The *Dyle*, the *Danube*, and the *Scheld*.
But *Evils* are of Necessary Growth
To Rouze the Brave, and Banish Sloth.
And some are Born to win the Stars
By Sweat, and Blood, and *Worthy* Scars.
Heroic Virtue is by Action seen
And Vices serve to make it keen ;
And as *Gigantick Tyrants* rise
NASSAU'S and *ANNA'S* leave the Skies
The *Earth-born Monsters* to Chastise ;
While *Cerberus* and *Hydra* grow
For an *Alcides*, or a *MARLBOROUGH*.

V.

If, Heav'nly Muse, you burn with a Desire
To Praise the Man whom all admire :
Come from thy *Learn'd Castalian Springs*
And stretch aloft thy *Pegaseian Wings* ;
Strike the loud *Pindaric Strings*,
Like the Lark, who soars and sings :
And as you sail the Liquid Skies

Cast

Cast on (a) *Menapian* Fields your weeping Eyes:
 (For weep they surely must
 To see the *bloody Annual Sacrifice*;
 To think how the *neglected Dust*
 Which, with contempt, is basely trod,
 Was once the Limbs of Captains, Brave and Just,
 The *Mortal Part* of some Great DEMY-GOD:
 Who for thrice Fifty Years of stubborn War,
 With slaught'ring Arms, the Gun and Sword,
 Have dug the *Mighty Sepulcher*,
 And fell as Martyrs on Record
 Of Tyianny Reveng'd, and Liberty Restor'd.)

VI.

See, where at *Audenard*, with Heaps of Slain
 Th' *Heroic Man*, inspir'dly Brave;
 Mowing a-cross, bestrews the Plain,
 And with *new Tenants* crowds the *wealthy Grave*.
 His Mind unshaken at the frightful Scene,
 His Looks as chearfully serene
 The routed Battle to pursue
 As once adorn'd the *Paphian Queen*
 When to Her *Thracian Paramour* she flew.
 The gath'ring Troops He kens from far,
 And with a Bridegroom's Passion and Delight
 Courting the War, and Glowing for the Fight,
 The *new Salmoneus* meets, the *Celtic Thunderer*.
 Ah cursed Pride! Infernal Dream!
 Which drove him to this wild Extream
 That *Dust* a *Deity* should seem.
 Be thought, as thro' the wond'ring Streets he rode,
 Th' *Immortal Man*, or *Mortal God*,

With

 THE

(a) The *Menapii* were the ancient Inhabitants of *Flanders*.

The Female Reign.

9

With rattling Brass, and trampling Horse
Should counterfeit th' *Inimitable* Force
Of *Divine* Thunder : Horrid Crime!
But *Vengeance* is the *Child of Time*,
And will too surely be repay'd
On His Prophane, *Devoted* Head,
Who durst Affront the Powers Above,
And their Eternal Flames Disgrace,
Too Fatal, brandish'd by the *Rightful Jove*,
Or (a) *PALLAS*, who supplies His Place.

VII.

The *British PALLAS*! who as (b) *Homer's* did
For Her lov'd *Diomed*,
Her *Heroe's* Mind with Wisdom fills,
And *Heavenly* Courage in His Heart instills.
Hence *Lambent Flames* around his Temples stray,
And with His *unhurt* Laurels play :
Hence thro' the thickest Squadrons does He ride,
With *ANN A's* Angels by His Side.
With what uncommon Speed
He spurs His foaming, fiery Steed !
And pushes on thro' midmost Fires
Where *France's* Fortune with Her Sons Retires.
Now here, now there, the *sweepy* *Ruin* flies ;
(c) As when the *Pleiades* arise,
The *Southern* Wind afflicts the Skies.

C

Then,

(a) *Vicem gerit illa Tonantis.*

(b) *Homer* in his Fifth *Iliad*, because the *Heroe* of that Book is to do Wonders beyond the Power of Man, premises in the Beginning, that *Pallas* had peculiarly fitted him for that Day's Exploits.

(c) *Indomitas prope qualis undas
Exercet Auster, Pleiædum choro
Scindente nubes, impiger hostium
Vexare turmas, & frementem
Mittere equum medios per ignes.*

*Sic tauriformis volvitur Ausidus
Qui regna Dauni præfuit Appuli
Cum sevit, horrendamq; celsis
Diluviem meditatatur agris.*

The Female Reign.

Then, muttering o'er the Deep, buffets th' *unruly Brine*
 Till Clouds and Water seem to joyn.
 Or as a Dyke, cut by *malicious Hands*
 O'erflows the *fertile Netherlands* ;
 Thro' the wide Yawn, th' *Impetuous Sea*
 Lavish of his *new Liberty*,
 Bestrides the Vale, and with tumultuous Noise
 Bellows along the delug'd Plain,
 Destructive to the ripening Grain
 Far as th' *Horizon* he destroys : (Reign.
 The weeping Shepherd from an Hill, bewails the *Watry*

VIII.

So rapid flows th' *unprison'd Stream* !
 So strong the Force of *MINDLEHEIM* !
 In vain the Woods of *Audenard*
 Would shield the *Gaul*, a fenceless Guard.
 As soon may Whirlwinds be with-held
 As His Passage o'er the *Scheld*.
 In vain the Torrent would oppose,
 In vain *arm'd Banks*, and numerous Foes,
 Who with inglorious haste retire,
 Fly faster than the River flows,
 And swifter than our Fire.
Vendosm from far upbraids their *nimble Shame*,
 And pleads his *Royal Master's Fame*.
 By *Conde's Mighty Ghost*, he cries,
 By *Turenne, Luxemburg*, and All
 Those Noble Souls, who fell a Sacrifice
 At (a) *Lens*, at *Fleurus*, and at *Landen Fight*,
 Stop, I conjure, your ignominious Flight :
 But Fear is deaf to *Honour's Call*.

Each

(a) Near this Place the Prince of Conde gave the Spaniards a very great Overthrow. 1648.

The Female Reign.

III

Each frowning Threat, and soothing Prayer
Is lost in the regardless Air.

As well He may
The Billows of the Ocean stay,
While *CHURCHILL*, like a driving Wind,
Or *Highbury-Tide*, pursues behind,
And with redoubled Speed urges their forward Way.

IX.

Nor less, *Eugenius*, Thy Important Care,
Thou Second Thunderbolt of War!
Partner in Danger and in Fame,
With *Marlborough's* the Winds shall bear
To distant Colonies Thy conqu'ring Name.
Nor shall the Muse forget to sing
From Harmony what Blessings spring.
To tell how Death did *enviously* repine
To see a *Friendship* so Divine.

When in a Ball's destroying shape she past,
And mark'd Thy threatned Brow at last.
But durst not touch that Sacred Brain
Where the Concerns of *Europe* Reign;
For straight she bow'd her ghastly Head,
She saw the *Mark of Heaven* and fled.

As Cruel *Brennus* once, *insulting Gaul*,
When he, at *Allia's fatal Flood*,
Had fill'd the Plains with *Roman Blood*,
With *conscious Awe* forsook the *Capitol*,
Where *Jove*, Revenger of Prophaneness, stood.

X.

But where the *Good* and *Brave* Command
What *Capitol*, what *Castle* can withstand?

Virtue

The Female Reign.

Virtue, as well as Gold, can pass

Thro' Walls of Stone, and Towers of Brass.

LISLE, like a Mistress, had been courted long,

And always yielded to the Bold and Young:

The fairest Progeny of *Vauban's* Art,

Till *Savoy's* warlike Prince withstood

Her frowning Thunders, and thro' Seas of Blood

Tore the bright Darling from th' Old Tyrant's Heart.

Such (a) *Buda* saw Him, when Proud (b) *Apti* fell,

Unhappy, Valiant Infidel!

Who, Vanquish'd by superior Strength,

Surrendred up his haughty Breath,

Upon the *Breach* measuring his manly Length,

And shun'd the *Bow-string* by a Nobler Death.

XI.

Such (c) *Harscham's* Field beheld Him in his Bloom,

When *Victory* bespoke Him for her Own,

Her Favourite, immortal Son,

And told of better Years revolving on the Loom:

How He should make the *Turkish Crescent* wane,

And choak (d) *Tibiscus* with the Slain.

While

(a) He bore a considerable share in the Glory of that Day on which *Buda* was taken.

(b) He was *Bassaw* of the City, and lost his Life on the Breach.

(c) This was a fatal Battle to the *Turks* in the Year 1687. Prince *Eugene* with the Regiments of his Brigade was the first who enter'd the Trenches, and for that reason had the Honour to be the first Messenger of this happy News to the Emperor.

(d) This Battle was fought on the 10th of *October* 1697; where Prince *Eugene* Commanded in Chief; in which there never happen'd so great and so terrible a Destruction to the *Ottoman Army*; which fell upon the Principal Commanders more than the Common Soldiers; for no less than Fifteen *Bassaws*, (Five of which had been *Viziers* of the Bench) were kill'd, besides the Supream *Vizier*.

(While *Viziers* lay beneath the lofty Pile
Of slaughter'd *Bassaws* who o'er *Bassaws* rowl'd)
And all his numerous Acts she told
From *Latian Carpi* down to *Flandrian LISLE*.
Where every Day new Conquests should produce,
Labour for Envy, and a Muse.
Where with her rattling Trumpet's sound
Fame should shake the Hills around ;
Should tell how *WEBB*, nigh woody *Wynendale*,
Argu'd each Inch of the important Ground.
So much in Virtue's Scale
True Valour Numbers can out-do,
And *Thousands* are but *Cyphers* to a Few.

XII.

Honour with open Arms receives at last
The Heroes, who thro' *Virtue's* Temple past.
And show'rs down Lawrels from Above
On those whom Heav'n and *ANNA* Love.
And some, not sparingly, she throws
For the Young *Eagles* who could try
The Faith and Judgment of the Sky,
And dare the Sun with steady Eye,
For *Hanover's* and *Prussia's* Brows,
Eugenes in bloom, and future *Marlboroughs*.
To *Hanover*, *Brunswiga's* Second Grace,
Descendant from a long *Imperial* Race,
The Muse directs an unaffected Flight,
And Prophecies, from so serene a Morn,
To what clear Glories He is Born,
When blazing with a full *Meridian* Light
He shall the *British* Hemisphere adorn.

D

When

The Female Reign.

When *Mars* shall lay his batter'd Target down,
 And He (since Death will never spare
 The Good, the Pious, and the Fair)
 In his ripe *Harvest* of Renown,
 Shall after his *Great Father* sit,
 (If Heav'n so long a Life permit)
 And having swell'd the flowing Tide
 Of Fame, which he in Arms shall get,
 The Purchase of an *Honest Sweat*,
 Shall safe in stormy Seas *Britannia's Vessel* guide.

XIII.

Britannia's Vessel, which, in *ANNA's* Reign
 And prudent *Pilocy*, enjoys
 The Tempest, which the World destroys,
 And rides Triumphant o'er the Subject Main,
 O may She soon a quiet Harbour gain!
 And sure the *Promis'd Hour* is come,
 When in soft Notes the *peaceful Lyre*
 Shall still the Trumpet and the Drum,
 Shall play what Gods and Men desire,
 And strike *Bellona's* Musick dumb.
 When *War*, by Parents curst, shall quit the Field
 Unbuckle his bright Helmet, and to rest
 His weary Limbs, sit on his *idle Shield*
 With Scars of Honour plow'd upon his Breast.
 But if the *Gallic Pharaoh's* stubborn Heart
 Grows fresh for Punishment, and hardens still,
 Prepar'd for th' *irrecoverable Ill*,
 And force th' *Unwilling Skies* to act the Last, *Ungrateful Part*:
 Thy Forces, *ANNA*, like a Flood, shall whelm
 (If Heav'n does *Scepter'd Innocence* maintain)
 His famish'd, desolated Realm,

And

The Female Reign.

15

And all the Sons of *Pharamond* in vain
 (Who with *dishonest* Envy see
The sweet *forbidden* Fruits of *distant* Liberty)
Shall Curse their rigid *Salic Law*, and wish a *Female Reign*

XIV.

A FEMALE REIGN, like Thine,
O ANNA, *British* Heroine!
To Thee afflicted Empires fly for Aid
Where e'er Tyrannic Standards are display'd,
From the wrong'd *Iber* to the threatned *Rhine*.
Thee, where the *Golden-sanded Tagus* flows
 Beneath fair (a) *Ulyssippo's* Walls
 The frighted *Lusitanian* calls ;
Thee, they who drink the *Sein*, with those
 Who plow *Iberian* Fields, implore
To give the lab'ring World Repose
 And *Universal Peace* Restore.
Thee *Gallia*, mournful to survive the Fate
Of her fall'n Grandeur, and departed State,
 By sad Experience taught to own
That *Virtue* is a safer Way to Rise,
 A shorter Passage to the Skies
 Than *Pelion* upon *Ossa* thrown :
For they who by deny'd Attempts presume
 To reach the *Starry Thrones*, become
 Sure Food for Thunder, and condemn'd to howl
 In (b) *Ætna*, or in (b) *Arima* to rowl
 By an inevitable Doom,
Gain but a Higher Fall, a *Mountain* for their *Tomb*.

(a) The Old Name of *Lisbon*, said to be Built by *Ulysses*.

(b) Two Mountains where *Jupiter* Lodg'd the Giants.

F I N I S.